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A

MONITORY LETTER,

TO

<p>Mr. <i>Williams</i>, Portsmouth, Mr. <i>Davis</i>, Rowel, North. Dr. <i>Russel</i>, London, Mr. <i>Steed</i>, London, Mr. <i>Harris</i>, Ratcliff, Mr. <i>Clark</i>, London, Mr. <i>Edwards</i>, Mr. <i>Warner</i>, London, Mr. <i>Keath</i>, Southwark, Mr. <i>Chandler</i>, London, Mr. <i>Maldin</i>, Mr. <i>Shewsbury</i>, Mr. <i>Young</i>,</p>	<p>Mr. <i>Webber</i>, Mr. <i>Cuffen</i>, Mr. <i>Rix</i> of Wisbich, Mr. <i>Bows</i>, Mr. <i>Halsey</i>, London, Mr. <i>Kerby</i>, Mr. <i>Ashton</i>, Mr. <i>Smith</i>, Mr. <i>Baby</i>, Mr. <i>Haile</i>, Mr. <i>Randal</i>, Mr. <i>Cross</i>, Mr. <i>Chapham</i>,</p>
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And the rest of the Eminent Teachers of the
 Congregation of the Anabaptists, occasion'd
 by Dr. *Oates's* setting up for a Teacher a-
 mongst them.

Matth. Chap. 7. v. 15.

*Beware of false Prophets which come to you in Sheep's Cloathing, but inwardly
 they are Ravening Wolves.*

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, 1699.

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A

MONITORY LETTER, &c.

Gentlemen,

AS You are all Professors of Christianity, and so many Eminent Persons, all Labouring in your several Stations, in the Propagation of the Gospel of Truth, this publick Letter is Address'd to you in true Zeal, both to that Reputation you hold in the World, and to the Honour of that Christian Profession, of which you are such worthy Members.

Being all Militants therefore, under the Banners of Christ, as true Militants, undoubtedly you would be no ways wanting to carry Triumph and Glory to so great a Cause, under which you fight; Here then, I hope, it is the universal Care and Caution of all zealous Congregations and Communions of true Believers, to have the Pastors of their Flocks (as much as in them lies; for God only knows the true Hearts of Men,) persons of that unspotted Character and Principle, that the very Example of the Preachers Life and Conversation, might in a high Measure enliven and recommend the Doctrine he Preaches. But above all, at least it is, or ought to be, the utter Abhorrence of the Professors of Truth, to have a *Simon Magus*, set up for a *St. Paul* amongst 'em; and even their very Oracles of God, delivered by a visible Cloven-Foot. Their publick Toleration, Sufferance and Encouragement of such egregious Labour-

ers in the Divine Vineyard, must undoubtedly reflect the highest shame and Reproach to that Congregation of Christians, that give him that Reception; and not only so, but in a high manner, be a publick Dishonour to God himself.

Now Gentlemen, (not only you, to whom particularly this Letter is Written, but indeed the whole Body of your Profession,) whilst a Discourse upon this Subject is thus publickly addrest to you; to bring the matter before ye, and speak more nearly to your selves, we have this to offer, *viz.*

As you have publickly received and admitted *Titus Oates*, vulgarly call'd Dr. *Oates*, a publick Teacher, and Preacher of the Word of God amongst ye, in a Congregation of your own Brethren now at *Wapping*; the Purport and Intent therefore of this Letter, is fairly to offer to your serious Inquiry and due Consideration, whether your said Admission of *Titus Oates*, as that Preacher and Teacher, be not (or at least will be *viz.* when the Man, and his Notorious unworthiness, shall be fully weigh'd in Your own Righteous Ballance, and found too Light, both a Manifest Scandal to your whole Fraternity and Profession, and even the forementioned publick Dishonour to God himself.

But first to make the following Discourse more applicable to you, I hope we may take it for granted, that your whole Body and Society have given this *Titus Oates* that Admission and Reception as a Teacher amongst ye: For I suppose that you have that Order, Oeconomy and Government amongst you, that you take, at least, that Cognizance of, and inspection so far into the Qualification of your own publick Teachers, that under the Establish'd Liberty of Conscience, you extend not that Liberty to so unbounded a Latitude, that you leave the Doors of your Church so open, even for worse than Wolves and Bloodhounds themselves, to set up for Pastors of your Flock; and therefore we may reasonably conclude, that this *Titus Oates's* undisturb'd and unmolested Exercise of that Ministerial Function, without your least Reprimand or Censure, is your own publick Concession; and consequently that he Preaches and Teaches in the Congregation of the Anabaptists, by your own Grant and Acknowledgment, (your unanimous Permission in this case, equal to your general Assent, Warrant and Authority,) as a Qualified Brother Labourer with you in the Work of the Gospel.

'Tis true, you have this Reasonable Apology on your side, that possibly your own Christian Charity may have chiefly, if not wholly,

wholly, given him this Admission amongst ye. Undoubtedly, (for I would willingly believe the best) that truly Christian Principle of Goodness, and that too, not a little strengthen'd both by the unhappy force of a long prevailing Popular Cry of the hard suffering of that Man, together with no little Outcries of his own boasted Integrity, Truth and Innocence, may together have so far influenced your conduct in this Affair; that your Examination or Inspection, into his Deserts or Undeserts, were no part of your Care or forethought. 'Tis thus Your over Charitable Belief of the Man, (a fault at least on the more pardonable side) without any other Weights or Scales has taken his Virtues upon trust, and consequently received him as a Qualified Brother in your Ministry; Now therefore, to set his true Character at a fairer Light, and thereby open your Eyes to see your Mistaken Credulity and Inconsideration; we have address the following Discourse to you, in order to awaken your Right Reason, and better understanding, for your Prevention of the forementioned Scandal, both to your whole Congregation, and even Religion it self.

This *Titus Oates*, we acknowledge, has some Natural Parts, and withal we own him the Master of a Pen, and which he has neither been wanting in Industry or Labour, to make a publick use of; Witness particularly the several late Volumes he has publish'd, call'd the Picture of King *James, &c.*

Now Gentlemen, 'tis observable, that this Author that has had both Ability and Leisure (for indeed he has neither Worldly Encumbrances, nor care to hinder his Pen-work) to Write such Voluminous Papers (viz. about 50 Sheets) on so publick a Subject, has never took the Pains even of Writing one single Page of Paper in Defence of himself, though for a necessary Reply to all or any of those publick Papers, that have Branded him with those most notorious Impostures and Villanies, that render him the most odious of Mankind, and indeed the shame of the Creation.

That he can write, he has proved. That he can Write a Defence of himself too, viz. (if his Case can bear a Defence) is unquestionably within his Power. For he that has so Penetrating a sense to peep so far into the very Cabinets of Princes, and Cabals of Courts, as even to discant upon Governments and Crown'd Heads, could neither want Argument nor Rhetorick to write a few Leaves in his own Vindication: He that

has had so many spare-hours, nay, leizure Months and Years too (and those very plenteous and sarning ones) might surely have put a little Pen to Paper, in his own Cause all this while, especially in his present Reign of Prosperity.

Particularly, Gentlemen, above two years since the following Discourse, which is here verbatim Reprinted, and submitted to your serious Perusal, was publish'd in two Impressions, of about two Thousand Copies; to which, from that hour to this, he has not answered one Sillable, as highly as (you will read) he has been Challenged to answer it. Now, what can the World (at least the thinking part of it) conclude from all this Eternal Silence from him; but that his Cause (too black a one) has not the least handle, even for the shadow of a Vindication; and that consequently every Sillable here Charged against him, is unanswerable Verity.

He tells us indeed, all along in his several forementioned Books of King *Jame's* Picture, that *he suffered for Truth and a Good Conscience*, which general Asseverations of his Innocence and Virtue, (being indeed the whole Defence he ever yet made of himself) is not a sufficient Vindication, had he never so much Justice on his side. Were the following Treatise, even the very Spirit of Falshood and Detraction, and *Titus Oates* were even Truth and Righteousness it self, yet undoubtedly (I leave it, Gentlemen, to your own Judgment) there lies that Christian Obligation upon him, to answer the very blackest Tongue of Calumny, with more than a bare denial, and single and simple Declaration of Innocence.

Even *St. Peter* himself, when he and his Brethen were inspired with Divine Truth, the immediate Holy Spirit of God, being reproachfully Scandalized by some of the unbelieving *Jews*, as *Men Drunk with new Wine*; nevertheless did not think it sufficient to answer the very Detraction of Infidels, by a bare and Simple denial charg'd against them; he thought it undoubtedly the Duty of a Christian, not only to reply, *we are not drunk, but inspired*. No, on the contrary, he answers the Calumny by a Confutation of it, *viz. These Men are not Drunken, as you suppose, it being not yet the third hour of the Day*. Here you see, that *St. Peter* gives particular Proof and Demonstration, to clear and Vindicate their Traduced Sobriety; a short but Emphatck and substantial Compurgation of their enjured Innocence, *viz. it could not be true that they were drunk, as falsly*

so charged, it being at that time of the Day, not a Customary Hour for Drinking, and therefore the Calumny was groundless and unreasonable.

Now does Mr. Oates think his own Honour or Integrity to stand fairer than the Apostles, and consequently that all the Dirt and Stains (a much fouler Blot than that against St. Peter) thrown upon him, are not worth the trouble of Washing off, and consequently that 'tis below him to descend (like St. Peter,) to a particular convincing Answer to his Detractors; or is the repeated Charge of Imposture, Perjury, Murder, and (to amass all) Incurable Impenitency, so often thrown so home upon him, that inconsiderable Imputation, that he thinks it not worth the opening his Mouth to clear himself of 'em. Is a little Pen, Ink and Paper, out of Ten Pounds a Week, beyond his Purchase; or his Preaching at *Wapping* so Elaborate a Study, that he has not one private hour's leisure for his own Vindication? Or rather does his Vanity of having so many Ignorant Devotes, that swallow the wonderful Merits of Dr. Oates, with that impudic blind Faith, that they'll hear nothing against him, puff him up to that Pride, that he disdains to return even a single Syllable, in so important a Cause, for the throwing off all the Heaps of Scandal (if such) so long Piled and loaded upon him! Is it such an entire satisfaction to him, that he can please, or rather Captivate the Ignorance of the five Thousand unthinking Fools of his side, that he will not endeavour the Conversion of the Ten Thousand Wiser Heads, that too sensibly believe him the worst of Men? When so cheap a Trouble (*viz.* if he has Truth on his side) as the Publication of Four or five Substantial Sheets of Sinewy Sense in his own Compurgation would set him right in the Eyes of the whole World.

Well, Gentlemen, as this ~~essence~~ under so many provocations and Challenges for an Answer from him: But above all under the Crying want of such an Answer, such pressing Obligations of a Reply, so importantly necessary for the Recovery of his almost Universally blasted Reputation, is the Undeniable Argument of the Impotence of his Cause, and consequently little less than a tacit Confession of the whole Charge against him: From all these premises considered, Gentlemen, on your parts, if your own Credit be dear to you, if the Honour of God, in the Ministerial part of your Worship and Religion be any part of your Concern; I do think it an Incumbent Duty upon you, that

that you call upon Dr. Oates, and by your own Congregational Authority, oblige him either effectually, Paragraph by Paragraph, to answer all that is objected against him in the following Discourse, and thereby give Substantial Proof of his long Boasted *Truth and a good Conscience*, to the Retrieving of his Lost Credit, and the Convincement of his Innocence: Otherwise if his Cause will bear no proof, and the charge against him stands unanswerable; that then you oblige him to make a publick Acknowledgment of his Guilt, and by a Seasonable and Heartly Repentance of all his long hardend Hypocrisy, his Impostures, Perjuries, and consequently Murders; so set himself Right before God (for the Gates of Mercy are never barred, and possibly a Penitent Oates may be forgiven) as may qualify him for a Minister of God amongst you. In short, there lies an absolute necessity of his proving himself Innocent, or confessing his Guilt, to capacitate him for that Sacred Post he now holds among you. Or otherwise the whole Body of your Profession, will inevitably fix that notorious Scandal, and indelible Reproach upon you, *viz.* That you admit even the highest and most Flagitious Reprobation, the very Front of Brags, and Hands of Blood, amongst you, even to serve at the Holy Altars of God.

Doctor,

Doctor,

FOR so you dignify your self, and I shall not stand with you for a Title) you have lately oblig'd the World with Three Labour'd Pieces, being your First, Second and Third *Eicon Basilikes* ; or, *Pictures of the late King James, drawn to the Life*. Truly, Doctor, to do you Right, I believe the whole Draught (by a peculiar bold Stroke all the way throughout it, viz. of Railing and Beroguing at every Shadow and Dash of your Quill) to be truly your own. That singular Master-Touch of yours is so conspicuous, all through the Rough Painting, that without the Subscription of your Name, every common Eye may find whose Pencil-work 'tis ; for he that reads but three Pages may plainly see the *Delineavit Titus*.

I confess sweet, or rather four Doctor, you have a strange Faculty at hard Words, and paw Names ; and truly, Doctor, you treat Princes with the same broad-mouth'd homely Dialect, as you do all Mankind. But no matter ; what you want in Civility and Good Manners, perhaps you have in other Qualities and Accomplishments : And we allow you the Ambition you have always had to a Courtier ; tho' perhaps not altogether so fit for a Master of the Ceremonies.

But all Rallery apart, bar the Rudeness of the Stile, (and yet that's a little pardonable, as being a special Talent of your own) I heartily thank you for the Subject. I acknowledge, from the hearty Spirit of honest Truth, you have exposed, and very justly, the false Hands at the Great Helm, through the two last Reigns of not over-fragrant Memory.

But, Sir, in all the true Strokes you have made in the Picture, you have notoriously flatter'd the Painter. For in drawing of King *James*, and his Brother, both at full Length, you have here and there dash'd in some few Lineament of your own, viz. your Virtues, Innocence, Services to the Nation ; together with a lamentable Out-cry of Wrongs, Oppression, suffering for Faith and a good Conscience, and what not ; when there are Thousands in the World, that believe not one of all these Qualifications, Graces, Merits, Pretensions or Titles belong to you.

This is a sort of Plain-dealing, which is sometimes valued at the Price of Jewels, and you must pardon my Freedom on this Occasion. I must confess, Doctor, these Three Pieces, in At-

tack against Popery and Arbitrary Power, contain a great deal of unquestion'd Truth, and have highly contributed to your Reputation; and I must say this of you, Had every Oracle you deliver'd been founded upon as solid a Foundation of Veracity, no Person in the World should have been louder in your Praises, than my self; nay, this present Paper, instead of Reprimand or Satyr, should then have been an Eulogy and Panegyrick.

Nor is there any Thing here urged, in the following Discourse I intend to have with you, with the least Design whatever, of invalidating, lessening, or scandalizing those Collections and Memoirs (you have there so laboriously compiled) of the Mismanagement of the last two Reigns, Heaven knows but all too true. However, you must give me leave to tell you, That the World would be highly inclinable to set a yet greater Value upon your Works themselves, would you endeavour something more largely to set the Hand that holds the Pen, a little more to Rights with them; by washing your blemish'd Credit a little whiter in the Opinion of Mankind, at least the thinking part of Mankind; whose much-wanted Reconciliation would be highly to your Service.

'Tis true, for my own part, my natural Abhorrence and Detestation of *Rome*, and all its Works, is such, that I would gladly give a Lawrel to every Champion against them; inasmuch, that in all due Respect to your Great Undertaking, I would have that *Babilon-Monster* so combated on all sides, that I am pleas'd to see that *Leviathan a Pontifex Maximus*, attack'd rather than fail, Dr. even by a *Carnifex Maximus*. I love and honour such darling Truths, expos'd in their true Light, even from any Tongue: And as a Parallel to your own Case; we read of Old, of Heathen Oracles, that very often deliver'd Truths, though at the same time the very Father of Lies, the Devil himself, spoke in time. But truly, Doctor, if an Angel of Light, instead of a Minister of Darknes, had deliver'd those Truths, the Divining Spirit that utter'd them, had render'd them a great deal more grateful Musick. The Harmony of Truth would have been much more charming from a Sraphick Trumpet, than an Infernal Organ.

And now, Doctor, as you have look'd back'd into the Miscarriages of Princes, pray turn one Glance upon some little Peccadillos of your own. You may recollect, as we all do,
with

with a sorrowful Remembrance, that you once usher'd into the World a most dismal Conspiracy against the Life of King *Charles II.* by the Hands of *Grove* and *Pickering*, for Shooting the King in *St. James's Park*; with a long Narrative of a whole Army of Popish Pilgrims and Black Bills from *St. Jago in Spain*, to be landed at *Milford-Heaven*; Commissions from *Paulus d' Oliva* for Generals and Major-Generals, for an Army of all Papists, all ready list'd against the Fall of the King; and no less than 60 thousand of them, being twice as many as there are Men, Women and Children, of *Romanists*, in the whole Kingdom; and all or subduing and subjecting the Protestants to the Popish Yoke: Particularly, that an infinite number of the Inferiour Commissions, Stamp'd and Seal'd by Father *Whitebread*, you deliver'd with your own Hands, &c. *cum multis aliis*, several other Discoveries, all of the same rueful Countenance.

Now all this Discovery you are pleas'd to stile, *The Testimony of Truth and a good Conscience*; and yet there are Thousands and ten Thousands in little *Old England*, that do not believe one Syllable of all this Testimony, and that from so reasonable a Ground for their Infidelity, that they look for the Cloven Foot whenever they hear it but named; especially under the Title of *Truth and a good Conscience*:

Look ye, Doctor, I would not willingly invade your Province, *viz.* of Railing; but would moderately offer you some Questions relating to your *quantum* Evidence; which, among a hundred more upon the same fertile and copious Subject, have been often askt you, but never yet answer'd.

In the first Place your Plot sets forth, That the restless Spirits of the Papists, having a design to restore their long Abdicard Religion into *England*, the Life of King *Charles II.* lay in their way; and for his Removal, a Club or Consult of Jesuits, and other Popish Emisaries, to the number of Fifty, several of them coming over from Remote and Foreign Countries, on this great Occasion, all met together; where the whole Result of their Meeting (which was in *April, 1678.*) subscribed by all their Hands, were, That *Groves* and *Pickering* should go on with the design of killing the King, *viz.* with their screw'd Gun and Silver Buller.

Now, Doctor, it looks very oddly, That those two King-killers, who by your own Oath had been Seven Years before endeavouring to do the Execution, (but one time by having the
Flint

Flint loose, another time the Gun charg'd with all Bullets and no Powder, and several other Blunders and Miscarriages, had never executed their Design;) should be chosen the only Engines, or Engineers, to go on with so important a Service to the Popish Cause, as the Death of a King, so impatiently waited, without one single Proposal, at so grand and chargeable a Consult from all Quarters of the World, of any other more trusty and more active Hand, for so desperate and important a Service. For the Engaging Sir George Wakeman, and the Irish Russians, was not till many Months after.

One very irreconcilable Blunder in this poor Pickering's Miscarriage: In your Narrative, Paragraph 19. you swear you saw Letters from *England*, to the Fathers of the *English* Seminary at *St. Omer*, in the latter end of *January 1677*. Containing an Account of one Pickering, that waits upon the *Jesuits* at *Sommerfet-House*, too shoot the King in *St. James's Park*, when he was at some distance from his Nobles and Attendants; but the Flint of his Pistol being somewhat loose, he did defer the Action till another opportunity; and if he had done it, and had suffer'd, he should have had 3000 Masses for the Health of his Soul. And yet at the Tryal of Pickering, you positively swore this Miscarriage of his Flint being loose, when he had a fair opportunity, but durst not give Fire, was expressly one Day, in the March following; for which Negligence he underwent Penance, and had 20 Strokes of Discipline.

Now, Doctor, can any thing in Nature be more strange, then that *Whitebread* should send the *St. Omers* Fathers in *January*, a perfect Relation of a Crime not committed till the *March* following? And consequently, has not the unbelieving part of the World, a very just Ground to startle and tremble at such a Testimony of a good Conscience? as you call it, *Part 3. Page 4.* And would not all Pitying Eyes be ready to melt into Tears, to see a King-killer Drawn, Hang'd and Quarter'd, upon such a doughty Evidence, that with any reasonable Man would not pass Muster for the Proof of a Petty Larceny, the stealing of an Alchymy Spoon, or a Brass Thimble?

And now, if possible to look so low, (for the Bottom on't lies in Hell) as to the whole depth of your Discovery. Here was a Papist Plot to kill King *Charles II.* What was this King *Charles*, according to your own Picture drawing, to be such an Eye-sore to the Papists, and so worthy of Death? Why truly,

truly, *A Person as deep in the Popish Plot, as the Duke his Brother*, [Part 3d. p. 37.] where you tell how Coleman danced a Christmas Gambel at Tyburn, for his great Pains in the mighty Work, [viz. subduing the pestilent Northern Herefie] your Brother, your Self, [the King and the Duke] and he had upon his Hands, Ditto, Part 3d. p. 59. *The King* [viz. King Charles] *he was engaged for Popery and the French Interest, and Arbitrary Power, as well as your self*, [speaking to King James.] Again, Page 64. *You and your Party had so much Countenance from your Brother, who was engag'd with you in the whole Popish Conspiracy, saving that of his own Life.*

Now this, belike, was the Man the Papists were to Kill; but good Heavens, for what? when he was as deep in their own Mire as his Brother, and as great a Popish Plotter as he; and consequently, I cannot find the want they had of his Death; and unless they were such a Pack of Cut-Throats, that they lov'd Murder for the meer Letchery of Murder-fake, I cannot guess why the ungrateful Popish Villains should so inhumanely lift a Hand against so stanch a Patron and Protector. But let that pass.

Well, however this King was to be destroy'd. The whole Root, Body and Branch of which Conspiracy, you give us, at length, in a Narrative, consisting of 81 Paragraphs or Depositions, being the full History of the whole Mystery of Iniquity. Mystery indeed!

Now it has pleas'd Heaven, or some over-ruling Power (which is all one) to inspire Titus Oates Clerk, a great Machinator in this Conspiracy, to turn a Protestant Convert, and discover this Plot. Accordingly, as you tell us in your Narrative, you made that Discovery to his Majesty on the 13th of August, 1678. by the Means and Introduction of that worthy and honest Gentleman Mr. Christopher Kirby. Now before you made this Discovery, you tell us in that very Narrative, Page 18. *That you had seen Packets to the Fathers at St. Omers, bearing Date Jan. 1. New Stile, 1674. in which the Fathers were assured, that his Majesty of Great Britain was brought to that pass, that if any Malecontents among them should not prove true to their Design, his Majesty would never give Ear to their Information.* Now foreseeing all this deaf Ear of the Kings, how came it about that you produc'd no Living Records; brought none of those Whitebread-Commissions, nor no other ocular Proof to open
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his Eyes and Ears ? Did you believe that the sight of your Mosaic Face, and a bare Oath, would convince or awaken such obstinate Deafness and Infidelity, with no other Credentials; especially when your Discovery look'd with that unaccountable Face, *viz.* That the Papists should have a Hand arm'd against that Life, that *was so highly Engag'd in their whole Conspiracy ?*

But, Doctor, no disparagement to your politick Head-piece, we'll allow you, for once, the only Excuse for that notorious stupidity, *viz.* That you were that egregious Blockhead and Blunder, as to neglect that opportunity of preserving any of those substantial Treason Testimonials, that daily came through your Hands; the producing of which might have found Faith with this unbelieving King, and indeed the whole World besides, and made him sensible that the bloody Papists had Russians at work to knock his own Brains out, and Armies to knock out ours; and consequently have prov'd to his Face, that the Title of *Saviour of the Nation*, (Reverend Salamanca Doctor) stood as stanch in your Scutcheon, as *Defender of the Faith in his*.

Well, but allowing that Neglect only a false step of your Politicks, here's another most profound Piece of your Discovery. Of these 81 Paragraphs of your Narrative, here's 24 of them the Series or Business of the Plot still carrying on after that *August the 13th to September the 7th following*, in all 20 Pages of Paper. In which last part of your Narrative (and all this after your Discovery to the King) you give us the greatest Transactions and Consults of the whole Conspiracy; particularly, that very 13th of *August, At Six at Night, you, the Deponent, was not designedly, but by Accident, at a Sermon, preach'd by John Keins, to Twelve Men, poor in Habit, yet Men of Quality, as the Deponent supposes, by their white Hands; in which Sermon was deliver'd, That Protestants and other Heretick Princes were ipso facto deposed, because such; and that it was as lawful to destroy them as an Oliver Cromwell, or any other Usurper, Nar. Parag. 58. Again, August the 18th, your Doctorship was at a Consult, where Mr. Vincent Joseph, David Keymarsh, Mr. Dominick, Mr. Colins, Mr. Fedding, Mr. Mansel, and Mr. Laumsdale, all Dominicans, met and consulted with John Keyns, Father Hartcourt, Father Fenwick, Father Wright, Father Blundell, Jesuits; about killing the King, and carrying on the Design; at which Consult the Deponent was too and fro, and afterwards employ'd by them to carry the Proposals of the Consult to the Carmelites, viz. Dr. Han-*

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son, Dr. Kimball, and Mr. Ferers, Nar. Par. 61. On Wednesday the 21 of August was another Consult held by the Jesuits and Benedictines, about the Irish Affairs; and a third Consult at Mrs. Saunder's House, of which the Doctor had notice before the Meeting, by John Grove. Nay, the Irish Russians were all hired and sent down to Winfor, not till after the 13th of August, and the Doctor by at the telling out and sending the 80 l. after them, expressly the 22d of August. Besides Conyers and Anderson were not engag'd in the King's Murder till now; for Conyers, on the very same 22d of August, shew'd the Deponent his Dagger of a Foot long in the Blade, spick and span new, bought of the old Cutler in Ruffil-Street. And the same 22d the Deponent met Mr. Blundel, with a Bag of Fireballs under his Arm. And the 30th following is shew'd by the said Blundel, at Fenwick's Chamber, (being invited thither to see it) a Paper sign'd by Whitebread, in the Name of the whole Society, containing a Scheme of the manner of Firing Westminster, Tooley-street, St. Thomas Apostle, and the King's Ships at Wapping; Par. 63. and 67. Besides, Doctor, at every turn, you are at your old Sport of Reading of Letters, Packets, Memorials; particularly on the 2d of September a Packet directed to John Grove from the Fathers at Edinburgh, to tell the Fathers here, That they had 8000 Catholics ready to rise, when the Business grew hot, to join with the disaffected Scots.

In all these many Consults, and Matters transacted since the 13th of August, we find this wonderful ill Fortune, that the Jesuits, &c. should Meet, Cabal, Consult, &c. with as much Vigour or more than ever, without the least Hint or Breath of a Discovery made of their Plot to his Majesty, from the 13th of August to the 4th of September. *Monstrum Horrendum!* Dear Sir, was the King so great a Champion of the Papists, and such a sworn Friend of his Brothers, how little soever he believed your Testimony, as not to say one Word of all this Matter to his Brother, and thereby allarm the whole Party? Could a publick Introduction of a Plot-Discoverer to a King, be made without the knowledge of the Jesuits, who are the Spies of *Christendom*?

But grant all this possible; however, Doctor, from your return to the Jesuits, after your Protestant-Conversion and Discovery to the King, undoubtedly from that Day you herded with the Papists again, only as a false Brother and Spy upon them, in order to the producing some stronger Credentials of
your

your Veracity, than a bare Oath to confirm your hitherto suspected Truth, so little credited by the King: And if any such Plots were still carried on, why did you not stop in your Hands so treasonable a Paper as the New Proposals, subscribed by so many *Dominican* and *Jesuits* Hands, and trusted in your own Custody to carry to the *Carmelites*? Can any thing in the World have that Face of Impudence? Nay, has the Doctor himself the Front to tell us, That had he truly received any such Treasonable Proposals, in his new State of Penitence and Conversion from Popery and Plotting, to Confession and Honesty, that he would have made his second Plot-Discovery to *Sir Edmundbury Godfrey*, without one Rag or Scrap of Ocular Demonstration, when such Opportunities were offer'd him, such invincible Convictions, as even Records of Treason were thrown into his Hands, to set his whole Testimony at so fair a Light, and clear every Shadow of his hitherto misdoubted Integrity? Dear Sir, thou were not such a Dunce nor Ideor, to let slip such an occasion: No, honest Picture-Drawer, I have a better Opinion of thy Wit: If any such Treasonable Subscriptions had ever been sign'd, and thy self employ'd for the Messenger, thou that tookst such care to thrust the Five impudent *Windsor*-Letters, that notorious Mass of Forgery into the World, as a Crutch to thy Plot, wouldst have let drop those Shadows, for this more substantial Record; and not have made use of Imposture and Delusion to bolster thy lame Testimony, had there been any such Thing as Truth and Honesty to set it upright.

Well, but Matters were not carried so silently, but that [Narr. Parag. 75] you tell us, *The Deponent saw a Letter from the Provincial, specifying, That the Provincial had been inform'd of some Discovery made, at which he was somewhat surprized; Parag. 76. The same Day, at Night, the Deponent went to visit the Provincial at his Lodging, and was order'd to come again the Morning following. Par. 77. The next Morning, being the 4th of September, according to the foresaid Orders, he went to the Provincial; who, upon sight of him, askt him with what Face he durst look on him, since he had play'd them such a treacherous Trick? And struck him three Blows with his Stick, and a Box on the Ear, and charged him with being with the King, &c. which Intelligence he had from Father Beddingfield, &c.*

Now,

Now, Doctor, here's a wonderful piece of Chivalry, for a bold Knight-Errant: The Discovery having at last, with much ado, in three Weekstime, reach'd the Ears of your Brother-Plotters, you were Master of that prodigious Courage as to visit the Provincial; nay, and to come again, upon Order, the next Morning. Now was not little *Titus* a Hero of the first Rank, that durst trust his sweet Person in the Hands of those very Men, whose Heads, Lives, nay, their whole Cause he had betray'd? Did he not expect the same *Conyer's* Dagger, or *Pickering's* Gun to be turn'd against his own Heart, that before was design'd for the Kings? What Mercy could he hope from those defeated Cut-throats and Ruffians, whom he had now expos'd to inevitable Gibbets and Halters? But did the tender-hearted Provincial (nay, and prepared too for the Doctor's Reception) provide nothing but a Cane to rebuke the Shoulders of a Renegado, Apostate and Traytor, to their whole Party? Could this Provincial, the very Head of a Conspiracy, against no less than the Life of Majesty, nay, and of that very Prince, who had all his whole Reign been their Friend, Patron and Champion, now spare the Life of a poor Varlet and Miscreant, so false and treacherous to them, and upon whose Death the preservation of their Lives so highly depended, by stopping his Mouth and hushing him silent with a Poinard? Good Heaven! How Satyr-like, hot and cold, do these Jesuits blow, to be all Fury in one Breath, and all Mercy in another; all Dove, or all Serpent. Well, Doctor, bless Heaven thou escap'd'st so miraculously.

Besides, Doctor, to make this Romantick Caning of ~~thine~~ a little more stupendious. How comes it that the Grand Hinge of thy Veracity, Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey's* Murder, should look so ruefully in the whole Face of thy Plot? When we must suppose, that the Papists so highly resent'd thy Discovery of their Treasons, and made their Plot such a *Noli metangere*, as to murder a poor Innocent Gentleman, for only barely taking thy Depositions against them; and at the same time let the Discoverer himself, a Person ten thousand times more Dangerous, pass and repass, safe and untouch'd, (a Small Bastinado only excepted.) Can we reasonable believe they were those virulent Bloodsuckers, as to murder a poor Justice of the Peace for only discharging his Duty? And all, God wor, to so little purpose! When instead of stiffling thy Depositions (the grand Pretension for that Murder) the Discoverer himself was suffer'd to Live, Range

and Reign, to make the same Discovery (if occasion) 40 times over again.

But truly to shew that the whole Set of Discoverers, in those Days, were all Birds of one Feather: The *Prance* and *Bedlow*, an Evidence much of thy own Stamp, *Neither Barrel better Herring*, &c. made a most lamentable Account of that unfortunate Gentlemans *Exit*; for if we'll take their own Words, nay, and their Oaths into the Bargain; they made as doleful Havock as the Two Testifying Elders upon *Susannah's* Chastity, between the *Massick Tree* and the *Holm Tree*; for they Murder'd him no less than *twice* over; neither at the same Hour in the Day, nor the same Chamber nor Court in *Sommerfet-House*; nor by the same Assassins or manner of his Murder, nor the same Hands or Conveyance to *Primrose Hill*.

But their Blunders, dear Doctor, lie not at thy Door: Thou hast enough of thy own. And therefore dear little *Oedipus* answer all thy own Riddles: Tell us how all this Heterogeneous Medly can be reconciled to common Sense. We heartily believe the Popish Emissaries and Tools, as black as the heaviest Dash of thy own Gall and pen can make 'em: However, 'tis possible to bely the Devil; and he that swears falsely even against a *Judas*, is himself a *Judas*.

But above all these hideous Incongruities, Absurdities Amusements and Contradictions, that have compos'd your whole Testimony; in which you have over and over again been buffoon'd in almost whole Volumes, upon that copious Theme; to all which, with all the Meekness and Patience imaginable, when you have been smitten on one Cheek you have turned the other; and born it all with so profound a Silence, that, like a poor Lamb, you never so much as bleated against your Satirical Persecutors; now, I say, besides all these Absurdities, here happens yet one more fatal Shock against your whole unhappy Foundation, *viz.* the greatest Prop that supported it, is now taken away. For as all the Criminals in your Plot, I mean the Murdering Ones, as *Groves*, *Pickering*, *Whitebread*, &c. with all the strongest Abjurations to their last Breath, and the very Face of Eternity, denied all knowledge of the Fact, for which they died, asserting their Innocence with Vows, Oaths and Sacraments, and all the most Tremendous Asseverations, even upon all their dying Hopes of Salvation; it was all along receiv'd as an Authentick *Roman* Dispensation; that their
Ghostly

Ghostly Guides could absolve even a dying Lie, and for the good of their Cause, commission and empower their Zealots and Profelities to front Heaven it self at their very last Gasp, with Falsties, Imposture and Delusion, &c. This Doctrin well manag'd, noble Doctor, when time was, stood you in high Service, till this late unlucky Plot against King *William*, utterly dash'd all. For after the Discover of Capt. *Potter*, Capt. *Pendergrafs*, &c. here all the dying Champions of the *Assassination*, instead of the old Silence in your own Evidence-Reign; on the contrary, were so far from Tongue-ty'd in their Popish Cause and Service, that they all, more or less made a dying Confession, justified the Truth of the Charge against them, for which they suffer'd; nay, some of them even with a dying Shame, of being concerned in so vile and despicable a Design.

Now pray, worthy Sir, to ballance fairly between these two different Phenomena, in one and the same Case, as the Learned call it. A screw'd Gun against King *Charles* his Breast in *St. James's Park*, or a Musquetoon against King *Williams* at *Turnham-Green*, where two Undertakings of much the same Stamp; and had there been the same Foundation of Veracity in one as the other, hang me, if I can tell why your Screw'd-Gunners should be so close, and their Musquetooners so open.

If the *Romans* ever had any such Dispensation for a dying Lie, I suppose it is still in force; for I do not hear of any new Reformation in their Church, and that their Consciences are any ways more strait-lac'd now than formerly: And therefore if there be no such dying Absolutions among them, (as this last Universal Ingenuity by them, plainly speaks the contrary) I am afraid that honest Capt. *Porter* is in the Right, and the not altogether so honest Colonel *Oates*, is a little in the Wrong.

This I am sure, That if the Good of their Popish Cause required it, and that were the Motive for a dying Falsty; the Criminals, in this last Plot, had thrice a greater occasion for a dying Denial, than any of your own executed Conspirators.

In your own Popish Plot had the screw'd Gun been stanch, and the Criminals had confess'd any such Conspiracy; such a Confession would not have prov'd half so pernicious to the then Duke of *York*, as this last Confession has done to King *James*, and his whole Cause. For Instance: First you and the rest of you Brother-Swearers, never charged the Duke with any part
of

of the Assassination of King *Charles*; your *Groves* and *Pickering* acted not by any Authority, Privy or Consent of the Duke. And so, at best, though perhaps a Plot for his sake, was none, of his Assent or Commision. Secondly, The Duke of *York* was under no Abdication, was then safe under the Wing of a Protecting Royal Brother, an unshaken and invincible Champion in his Behalf. And lastly, the Duke of *York*, at that time, though under a Suspicion of Popery by his absenting from our Church, yet had then never broken Faith with the Kingdom, violated Laws, nor subverted Governments, nor had any one of those Blots in his Royal Scutcheon, that have since render'd him the Universal Odium of the Nation; he was at that time under the Mask of Honour, Justice and Innocence, and consequently might in all probable Reason have surmounted all Dangers; and fenced against all the feeble Blows, from any such dying Confessions. But in this last Case; here was King *James* himself at the Bottom of this barbarous Conspiracy. A Messenger sent over to *France* to him, and his Brother *Lewis*; and the Attacking the Prince of *Orange* in his Winter-Camp, his own Commision. Here was King *James* actually ready to back the Bloody Blow, prepared for a Descent upon the Stroke of it. And, in short, all these dying Confessions were of no less Consequence than to shake the whole Fidelity of almost all the few Friends he had left in *England*, to render his future Restoration utterly impossible, the whole *Jacobite* Cause desperate, and the Nation sufficiently alarm'd against him; by opening them that lamentable Prospect of his Return, *viz.* That he, that before had so notoriously broke thro' all Oaths and Laws, and had now given them an Instance of his wretched, poor-spirited Condescension to Cut-throats and Ruffians for his Tools, what miserable Havock would he make, if remounted by Conquest, under the Liberty of sacrificing what Lives he pleas'd, and under the Shackle of no Laws at all.

And to sum all: If these dying Criminals, who tho' never so guilty, yet lying under neither Wracks nor Tortures to force their Confession, so that they had it in their Power at least to die *Mute*; nevertheless, though Papists lay under that Obligation, belike, of discharging a dying Conscience, and speaking Truth, though to the utter Confusion and Ruin of their whole Party, and indeed their whole Hopes, &c.

Now

Now worthy Doctor, or rather Doctor worthy, (take which Title you best deserve) how far this last Plot corroborates *your Testimony of a good Conscience* (as you phrase it) let Reason judge. Nay, I'll appeal to your Self, whether the Mute-Criminals in your Plot, or the Speaking-Ones in this, and consequently not over-well vindicated your living Testimony.

Now, Doctor, pray let me give you a few Remarks upon the dismal Effects of your *Testimony of a good Conscience*. You loudly complain against Old Hodge, for the crying Mischiefs of his Scurrilous Observations; *That he was villanously aiming at Popery, and destroying the Church of England, notwithstanding his Pretences to defend it.* Part 3d. Page 60.

Now, Doctor, you cannot think worse of Old Hodge, than we do; we own him a Mercenary Tool for the Popish Cause; that his Hireling-Pen was drawn Right or Wrong, for his Popish Master's Service and Interest. But pray who set up that Scribler but *Titus Oates*, and the rest of his Brethren, *Affidavit-Men*? Who found the Gall for his Ink, and Scandal for his Libels, and indeed the whole Subject for his Papers, but your Self?

How many notorious Flaws and Incoherences, did he daily find (the Subject of almost half his Volume of Scribble) in yours and your Brethrens *Testimony*? Who supplied him Matter to bellow so high upon the Old Tune of Forty One, *viz. False Fears and Jealousies*, but your self? When those very notorious Flaws, and your own whole slender Foundation of *Testimony*, as you call it, furnish'd him with a very reasonable Hand to lay hold of? And therefore with a great deal of Truth and Honesty (in that part at last) to tell the World, That your tall black *Don Johns*, your circumcised *Eliots*, your Bloody Pilgrims and Black Bills, your invincible Commissions, your scrow'd Guns and Silver Bullets, so awkwardly handled, and the rest of your Popish Artillery, were not altogether so frightful, as you had presented them; and consequently, our Fears and Jealousies, from that Quarter, were not wholly so substantial. Faith, Doctor, his Pen was but the Cats Paw, and your the Monkeys.

'Tis true, there was a Popish Plot a Foot, and a desperate one, as *Coleman's* Papers (or rather the Fragments of them; for there was not half of them found) sufficiently demonstrated. But as *Coleman* was a Plotter you light upon by chance, (for as I remember you were so little acquainted with him, that you knew

not his Face by Candle-light) and his Politick Master so very dextrously handed him out of the World, by a shameful Promise of Mercy ; and very fairly stop't his Mouth with a Halter, to prevent Blabbing : By this Master-piece of an Over-reach, here was the Grand Plot hush'd, the sensible and truly Hellish Plot stifled ; and nothing left alive but the barking Underplots, to grin and snarl.

And pray what follow'd all this Din of Snarling ? Why only this : The Amusements, Weaknesses and Shallowness of those very Underplots, confounded the true One. Such a Parcel of wretched Discoverers, and no less wretched Discoveries, put even Truth it self out of Countenance.

*Some Truth there was, but dash'd and mixt with Lies ;
To please the Fools, and puzzle all the Wise.*

By this means, first, the Duke of York gain'd his Point : For there was so much of Ridicule, in this last part, as rather favour'd his Cause. For though the then Patriots of the Nation had a just Ground for the Duke of York's Exclusion, from the true Popish Plot, sufficient to justify their whole Proceedings ; nevertheless, there were so many worthy Gentlemen, in both Houses, so stagger'd with the Invalidity of these Under-Testimonies, as perhaps not a little contributed to the Establishing his Succession to the Throne.

It had likewise this farther unhappy Effect upon the King himself ; that undoubtedly had he had any Inclinations to do Justice to the Cries of his People, in his Brothers Exclusion ; here was such a frightful *Morro* of Plot-work then a foot, as was enough to stagger and confound any such Inclinations.

So that upon the whole Issue, kind Doctor, your Self and your Brother *Bedlow*, and the rest of your Brothers of the same Quill, instead of the Saviours of the Nation, were really the Saviours of the Duke of York : Instead of the Champions of the Protestant Religion, were indeed the Guardians of Popery. And I so far concur with the World, that pitied and lamented the Severity of your *Tjburn*-Castigation, that nothing was either more barbarous, or more ungrateful in King *James*, than that single Injustice to Dr. *Otes* ; for he stood indebted to you more Hundreds of Pounds, than you had Scores of Lashes.

Now,

Now, Sir, that I may do you no Wrong in laying a little more Weight upon the Two Perjuries, proved against you, and which your self make so slight of in your Third Part, Page 4th. by calling them *pretended Perjuries*; as suggesting they were only forged against you, to serve a Popish Turn. Pray let me ask you if you do not Arraign the whole Justice of this present Government, in calling those Perjuries only *pretended Ones*? For, as I remember, sometimes since, you made your Endeavours and Application to get your Taint of Perjury repeal'd, and to be set *Rectus in Curia*, which was utterly refused you: They would not so much as listen to any such Thing.

Now, upon this Denial, what follows in Course, but that you were Convicted of Two Perjuries in the last Reign; and that Conviction justified in This. For had there been Justice, Reason or Equity, in any such Repeal, undoubtedly it had never been denied you. No, Mr. Otes, a nobler Channel and Current of Honour and Justice runs thro' the whole present Administration, than to be deaf to the Cries of Injured Innocence: Witness the Publick Justice, done in the Repeal of the Taint against that ever-lamented truly English Worthy, the Lord *Ruffel*; as also Captain *Walcot*, &c.

If therefore *Titus Otes* Clerk, stands Convicted of Two Perjuries, he stands *justly* so Convicted. Nor was your Evidence against Mr. *Eliot*, though not in a Court of Record, much inferiour to Perjury: Besides one particular Record of Perjury against you, set forth at length, by your Friend *Hodge*, long Years before your setting up for a National Evidence, in a private Cause, under your Father *Daniel's* own Country-Roof.

Now Sir, give me leave to say, without the Incurring that Premunire, *viz.* of Arraigning the Justice of the Nation, That it lies in the Breast of any Man, by the Charter of his English Liberty, to suspect the Evidence of a Person convict of Perjury, and consequently to doubt the Truth of your screw'd Gun Plot, or any other part of your Discovery; especially, when it has not Reason and Sense, as well as Forehead and Oaths, to go along with it.

'Tis true, there seems to be one current Argument, (I wish, in Charity to you, it were true *Sterling*, and would bear Touch for you) that speaks (or at least you'll make it speak) in your Behalf; which is, *That if what you Swore, in your former Evidence, were not groundd upon Honesty and fair Truth; how came it to be received as such?*

Really,

Really, Dr. Otes, there must go a great deal of more Sinewy Reason to convince the Judicious, than that slender Argument. In the first place, Doctor, we are all but Men, the Wisest in the World are no more; and, as such, are subject to Error. Besides, all popular Out-cries have naturally a strange Dint of Force at their first Surprise and Alarm; and even the greatest Collective Bodies of Men may sometimes be imposed upon, by an Original Novelty, whilst Imposture and Fraud may be obtruded upon them; when, upon cooler and longer Debate and Consideration, the *Mormo* may be detected, and the Collusion discover'd. Besides, Time and Inquiry set Matters upon a much righter Bottom: That which looks fair to Day, by Convictions of Falsity, Forgery and Perjury, may look foul to Morrow. New Matters may so occur, that what's a Judicial Sentence one Day, in the highest Court in the World, may be Repealed to Morrow; and yet neither the Judge nor Jury blameable. Besides, the strongest Opinion of the wisest Man, or greatest number of such, is no Bar to any Man's second Scrutiny; nor shall one Man's Judgment or Faith, conclude mine. And to shew you that even the wisest in the World may err; Do we not read, That even *Solomon* himself set up Idolatry? Is it to be supposed that a Man of his unequal'd Wisdom, the particular Gift of God himself, when he indulged the High places, and other Idolatrous Worship, was not guilty of a very great Oversight?

But to come a little nearer your own Case; it is not even the Universality of an Erroneous Opinion, that excuses the Error. We read, That the whole Body of the Jews, notwithstanding they had not only been delivered, by Miracle, in their wondrous passage through the Red Sea; nay, were at once both Led, Fed, and Clothed, along their whole Pilgrimage through the Wilderness, by a continued Chain of Miracles, *viz.* Led by the Pillar of Fire by Night, and Cloud by Day: Fed by a constant Shower of Heavenly Manna; and Cloath'd by those Raiments, which, in Forty Years Travel (of the three not the least Miracle) never wore out: And yet these very people, all in a full Cry together, upon no more than Forty Days Absence of their Leader *Moses*; Ay, and after all this, I may say, Immediate Communication even with God himself, wanted a Golden Calf to go before them. Nay, their other Leader *Aaron* was forced to comply with the Torrent, and both subscribed and assisted to the

the product of this Calf. And yet neither the Universality of the Popular Votes for the Calf; nay, even the Royal Subscription to it (for so I may not improperly call the Assent of the Leading *Aaron*, as the then Supreme Magistrate among them) could give either Truth, Sense, or Justice, to the product of the Calf; nor did even the Assent of *Aaron* as a meer Compulsive One, declare his own true Belief in the Calf. He complied with Necessity, and was over-ruled by Power.

Now, Doctor, for a concluding Admonition: As you have thus generously, for the Nation's Service, managed and muster'd about 40 Sheets, in Three Volumes, containing so Ample and Critical an Inquiry into the Mis-managements of Two whole Reigns; now, to crown all, look homewards, and do your self a little Service (not all for the Publick) by retrospect'ing into your own short (though too long) Evidence-Reign: In which, pray be so kind to your Self, your Friends, and the whole World, as to bestow a few Hours, and Three or Four Sheets, upon your own Defence and Justification; Unravel, Answer and Confute, all these grinning Contradictions against You; *For great is Truth*, (if you have any on your Side) *and will prevail*. I assure you, Sir, 'twill be a Work highly worth your Labour: And though your near Twenty Years Silence, argues you guilty of a great Neglect of your own Personal Reputation, 'tis not yet too late to mend that Fault. Besides, this Vindication of your self, has a Reference to a publick Satisfaction; and you'll oblige the Nation, nay, and the Protestant Religion it self, by washing off all Blemishes, &c. For that unspotted Church loves neither Impostors nor Hypocrites.

Therefore, dear Sir, let us beseech you to be your own Compurgator, either one way or the other, viz. by Disburthening the long Load of Reproach that has lain upon you, in clearing your Innocence: Or otherwise to be so Ingenuous and Candid, as to own your Faults. 'Tis not the first time that false Oaths have been taken, and Innocent Blood been shed: And as Perjury is but a Breach of One Commandment, as Murder of another; the Breach of the whole Ten has been forgiven: And therefore, Doctor, despair not of Mercy; but be kind to your self, in taking the first fair Opportunity of that publick Confession and Acknowledgment, as may lay hold of an Infinite Goodness, and set you Right in a higher Court of Record, than the *Kings-Bench*, viz. in the *Book of Life*.

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Doctor,

Since the First Edition hereof, you have publish'd a Fourth Picture of King *James*; a Volume of 23 Sheets, without taking any notice, or making the least Reply to this Paper, or any one Argument contain'd in it. In such a Heap of Scribble, hadst thou not one Word for thy Vindication, in Answer to so many invincible Truths against thee? Only one Objection you pretend to answer, relating to your *quondam* invisible Commissions for the Popish Plot; viz. Part 4. pag. 187. *That you discover'd that Plot August 13th, 1678. which gave the Papists sufficient Allarm, from August 13th, to September 28th. to burn and consume their Papers, Commissions, &c.* Now, dear Doctor, what an unlucky Confession hast thou made, that instead of a Salvo to thy Veracity, Stabs through and through thy whole Popish Plot. For if this Discovery, Aug. 13. gave the Papists that Allarm; tell us, dear Front of Brags, how it was possible, the Papists should trust thee still in the greatest Depth of their whole Plot, till the 4th of September following, and not know the false Brother, nay, and trust thee with the fore-mentioned Subscriptions of Plotters, carried from one Consult to another, for the express Murder of the King; as has been said, at large before?

Good God! what Dirt does Falshood throw in its own Face? You tell us, dear Doctor, Part 4. pag. 9. *That your Pension has been kept from you these five Years.* And pray give me leave to tell You, That by your Silence to this Book, you are resolv'd to let the World know, you never deserv'd a Pension: For without setting your Credit upright in the World, and convincing and establishing your Integrity, we cannot think you honestly expect a Pension, unless as the Reward of Perjury, Forgery, Imposture, Impudence and Impenitence; all which, this Silence sufficiently charges against you.

You tell us likewise, pag. 62. *That King Charles, in the Month of November, 1678. offer'd you, as Secretary Coventry's Apartment, the Bishoprick of Chichester; and also promis'd you the Favour of advancing you, if you would desist this Enterprize, as he call'd The Discovery of the Popish Plot, assuring you, That it would not be for his Service, because of the Heat it would put the People into, &c.* together with what Answer Prince Rupert made ye, on that Subject. Further, page 69. *That King Charles was pleas'd himself to offer to reconcile you to that Party; and told you, That if*
you

you would engage, upon the Word of a Minister, not to bare any Testimony against those you had accused before the Council, but would be ruled by him, you should have Ten thousand Pound to buy you an Annuity; and if you would, you should retire into any College in either University, and live there quietly, &c.

Now, Doctor, you would do extreamly well, in making the Infidel-World believe that King *Charles* could descend so below the Dignity of a Prince, to treat with so inconsiderable a Miscreant, so poorly to stifle and corrupt his Evidence, especially considering there's a Contradiction even to common sense, in his making you any such Offer. For instead of stifling your Evidence, such an Elevated Preferment of our little *Ambrose*, alias *Ragged Titus Otes*, mounted up to a Cope and a Crosier, would have intirely confirm'd his Credit in the World, and given that Faith to his Plor, as would have made the then Parliament infinitely more inquisitive into the Search of it; and consequently have rais'd ten times more Heat, as you call it, among his People, instead of cooling it. But if King *Charles* did offer thee such golden Showers, thou hast at one stroke convinc'd the World, that he was a greater Papist than his Brother, and had more designs upon the whole Protestant Religion, viz. in Defiling her Lawn-sleeves, and shaming her Church, with such a Prélate.

You conclude your last Part with a very Comical Advertisement, relating to your kind Surgeon Mr. *Wass*, the Person that cur'd your Back-side; who, you say, not only sav'd your Life, in that Cure he perform'd upon you; but likewise preserv'd you from Perishing, in relieving your Wants in Prison; neither of which Services, from that Day to this, have you been able to reward, &c.

Really, Doctor, your Danger of Perishing that way, was not so very great; for the whole Jail will Witness, that the Venison-Pasties, the Hampiers of Wine, and other daily Provant, besides your Privy Purse, came in too fast to threaten Starving, dear Doctor. And if you have never been able to pay for a Cure, 'tis a sign, Doctor, that Sorrow has been dry with you, and that those plump Cheeks, and fat Sides, have been Chargeable rearing, that neither out of a Pension of 500*l.* per Annum, nor a Wife's Portion, you could make Satisfaction, for one poor Months Chirurgical Operation.

Once more, dear *Titus*, let me request thee, to set Pen to Paper, and distinctly answer to every individual Paragraph of this

this short Picture Piece of thine ; otherwise, thou wilt give the Judicious-part of Mankind just Reason to conclude, That all herein contain'd is unanswerable ; and that consequently (convinc'd by thy acquiescing Silence) thou hast a hardier Constitution, than thy Elder Brother the *Iscariot*, both equally guilty of Innocent Blood ; he by Kissing the Lip, and thou the Book ; only he felt a little Remorse, and Hang'd himself ; a Grace which thou hast not the Happinefs to arrive to.

POSTSCRIPT.

ONce more I desire my Reader to be assured, That both the Author and Publisher hereof, are true and unshaken Friends to the present Government ; and as real Abhorrrers and Detesters both of the *Romish* Superstition and Interest, as the deepest Gall of even *Titus* his Pen can write himself. And where-as in the preceeding Discourse we have taken occasion to mention the Death of Sir *Edmundbury Godfrey*, we desire the World to believe, That we no ways endeavour to insinuate, that that unhappy Gentleman kill'd himself, being very well satisfied that he was basely murder'd ; tho' at the same time, we cannot come up to that uncharitable Faith, that the Persons that died for it were the real Murderers, when not only the Inconsistence of the Evidence against them, but likewise the dying Denials of the Criminals, even under Oaths and Sacraments, so strongly confirm our Disbelief.

Fiat Lux.

May Heaven, in its due time, give a clearer Light into that Tragical Mystery.

After this candid Confession of the well-meaning of the Author of this Paper, we desire the Reader to believe, That we are sincere Lovers of T R U T H, and as her Champions only, we have set Pen to Paper.

F I N I S.